

Mike's Reluctance by ghibliterritory

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Summary:

Getting ready was the worst part of any social event.

for Mileven Week 2018

Mike's Reluctance

“Do I really have to go to this?”

Mike’s complaint echoed around the small house, making Eleven roll her eyes. Of course- the day of, he’d complain. Looking back into the shared bathroom mirror, she put her lipstick up after checking if it looked okay, then poked her head into their room. Mike sat on the bed with a tie weirdly around his neck. Eleven sighed, and stepped over to gently fix it for him.

“What’s the deal? We’re just seeing old friends, checking up, all that good stuff.” She said, smoothing out the tie. “We won’t even be there for long.”

Mike muttered something, leaning his head on her stomach. “I know, but I wasn’t really expecting to think about high school at all after I graduated. Now I’m going to be surrounded by it! High school reunions are pointless.

“Wrong?” Eleven asked, wrapping her arms around him. “I doubt that talking to people and drinking for free is wrong.” He lifted his head. “You’re right. I’m just... social situations suck.” He huffed. She couldn’t help but smile, brushing his hair out of his face. “I know they do. Trust me, I’ve felt the same way about literally everything at one point. But it’s a nice thing to do, and it won’t be very long. We can go after we see everyone, and get something completely bad to eat on the way home. Sound good?”

Mike smiled at her, taking her hands. “Fine. That sounds like a fair deal.” He said, tugging her forward gently and standing up to kiss

her. She stumbled, but didn't hesitate to kiss back. They only broke apart for a minute, catching breath. But almost as soon as they locked lips again, a loud knock came from their door, making them both jump.

"El! Mike! Come on, we gotta grab something to eat before we go, it's seven o'clock!"

They groaned softly. "Coming, Dustin! Jesus." Mike yelled back to the door. Footsteps sounded, leaving them alone, and Mike turned to Eleven again. "You know, sometimes I regret getting a shared house with Dustin." He muttered, getting her to laugh before he pecked her lips. "Alright, let's finish getting ready. By the way, your lipstick is a mess."

"No thanks to you." Eleven smirked, pulling back and going back to the bathroom to fix it. Mike smiled and wiped at his own mouth, making sure to get all the lipstick off.

He guessed he could make it through this. For her, at least.